EVERY MAN
THE
ARCHITECT of his own FORTUNE:
OR THE
ART OF RISING
IN THE
CHURCH.
A SATYRE.

——————Pudet hæc Opprobria nobis
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli!

By Mr. SCOTT,
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LONDON,
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MDCC LXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Reverend Dr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I Am extremely obliged to you for the Advice you have given me in relation to the Poetical Dialogue, and ſhall moſt undoubtedly take it, unleſs you will allow that there is ſome weight in the following conſiderations. You tell me, that publiſhing it may be a Means to prevent me from riſing in the Church, as it muſt neceſſarily create me ſeveral Enemies. Now I never was ſo vain as to imagine I ſhould riſe higher than the Dignity of a Curacy, and that is an Honour which I have already ſufficiently enjoy'd. It is utterly improbable that a perſon ſhould raiſe himſelf by his talent for Poetry, tho' he laid it all out in gaudy Deſcription, or ſoft Panegyric: nor is it leſs unlikely that he ſhould injure himſelf by writing a Satyre: for if there was Truth, and Sentiment in it, he could not poſſibly offend any one, but ſuch as no honeſt Man would

would be ſorry to offend, the Vicious and the Ungenerous. As to the miſtaking a Satyre for a Libel, a very ingenious Writer remarks "that it is an Error which Fools only fall into, "and Knaves, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, encourage: "for nothing is ſo odious to a true Satyriſt as a Libeller, for "the ſame cauſe as to a man truly religious nothing is ſo hate-"ful as a Hypocrite." Beſides to ſtigmatize nameleſs general characters as a Libel, is an abſurdity which no one I think could be guilty of: for they cannot be apply'd to any man but from their Truth, and Likeneſs; and if they are true, and like, how can the perſon, for whom they are drawn, pretend that he is libelled or defamed? The turpitude of any Vice does not ariſe from its being publiſhed to the World, but is inherent in itſelf: for a bad action is equally baſe and diſhonourable, tho' known only to God, and a man's own Conſcience.

But there are other reaſons to encourage me in my undertaking—It hath been dignify'd by the Example of ſeveral learned, eminent, and pious Divines; among theſe were HALL (the firſt Engliſh Satyriſt) Biſhop of Norwich, EARLE Biſhop of Saliſbury, and Dr. DONNE, Dean of St. Paul's. Theſe were very free in branding the Follies and Vices of the age in

which

which they lived; and if they offended thereby the fooliſh, and vicious part of mankind, they met with an ample recompenſe in the favour and applauſe of the Wiſe and Virtuous.

Having ſaid thus much of Satyre in general, you will pardon me if I treſpaſs upon your patience for a word or two about this in particular. I am indebted to Mr. Pope, in two or three places, for a particular turn of thought and expreſſion. This I have a pleaſure in owning, that I may not be accuſed of ſtealing from ſome pieces which I have never read, and others that it would be as fooliſh and beggarly to rob as a Gibbet. The Plan conſiſts of two oppoſite characters; one that of a baſe, venal, time-ſerving Scoundrel, who would daſh thro' thick and thin to come at preferment; the other that of a worthy, conſcientious, honeſt man, who cannot pull down his thoughts to the wicked, dirty, pelting Buſineſſes of Life. Theſe I have endeavoured ſo to weave together as to make one uniform Poem; in which the ways too much frequented, by thoſe who would riſe in the Church, are expoſed, and the Arguments anſwered, that are commonly brought in Vindication of their conduct.

But

But I haſte to relieve you from a ſubject, which the goodneſs of your own heart cannot fail to render extremely diſagreeable. You will accept of my beſt thanks for the favours which you have done me, and believe me to be,

DEAR SIR,

With the greateſt Eſteem,

Your grateful, and obedient Servant,

Trin. Coll. January the 25th, 1763.

JAMES SCOTT.

THE ART OF RISING IN THE CHURCH.

A DIALOGUE, betwixt a POET and his FRIEND.

F. GOOD Friend forbear—the World will ſay 'tis ſpite,
Or diſappointment goads you thus to write—
Some Lord hath frown'd; ſome Biſhop paſt diſpute
At ſurly diſtance ſpurn'd your eager ſuit,
Prefer'd a dull vile Clod of noble Earth,
And left neglected Genius, Wit, and Worth.

P. Regards it me what ſnarling Critics ſay?
'Tis honeſt Indignation points the way.
Thanks to my Stars my infant ſleeps are o'er,
And dreams deluſive catch my thoughts no more.

Let clumſy DOGMATUS, with ſimp'ring face,
Supply the Nurſe's, or the Footman's place,
Make Coffee, when my Lady calls, or Whey,
And fetch, and carry, like a two-leg'd Tray;
Let blust'ring GNATHO ſwear with patriot rage,
To poor, old, tott'ring TIMON bent with age,
" Had you, my Lord, the Horſe at MINDEN led,
" Sdeath, what deſtruction would your Grace have made?
" Like Wantley's Dragon you had roar'd, and thunder'd,
" And eat'n up Frenchmen hundred after hundred;"
Thus mean and vile let others live, not I,
Who ſcorn to flatter, and who fear to lye.
What honeſt Man——

F. Stop, or you ne'er can thrive—
Sure you're the ſtrangeſt, ſqueamiſh Wretch alive!
What, in the name of Wonder, friend, have you,
In Life's low vale, with Honeſty to do?
'Tis a dead Weight, that will retard you ſtill,
Oft as you ſtrive to clamber up the Hill.

Strip,

Strip, and be wiſe—ſtrip off all baſhful pride,
Throw cumbrous Honour, Virtue, Truth aſide,
Truſt up, and girt like VIRRO mend your pace,
The firſt, the nimbleſt Scoundrel in the race,
Go copy TREBIUS—

P. Copy TREBIUS?—* Hum—
And forfeit Peace for all my life to come.
Should I devote my Siſter's virgin charms
To the vile lewdneſs of a Patron's arms,
Too ſure my Father's injur'd Ghoſt would riſe,
Rage on his brow, and horrour in his eyes;
Would haunt, would goad me in the ſocial hall,
Or break my reſt—tho' ſlumb'ring in a ſtall.
Oh gracious God, of what thin flimſy Gear
Is ſome men's Conſcience?—

F. Hold, you're too ſevere——

* Imitated from Mr. POPE:
" Go ſee Sir ROBERT—P. See Sir ROBERT? Hum—
" And never ſmile for all my Life to come."

Think when Temptations ev'ry ſenſe aſſail,
How ſtrong they prove, and human fleſh how frail!
When Satan came, by righteous Heav'n ordain'd
To tempt the Leader of the Chriſtian band,
He drew, he caught him from the barren waſte,
And on the Temple's tow'ring Summit plac'd;
And nowadays, or ſage Experience lies,
From Church preferments great Temptations riſe.
Spare TREBIUS then——ev'n you yourſelf may yield——

P. Not, friend, 'till vanquiſh'd Reaſon quits the field:
Then I, poor Madman, 'midſt the mad and vain,
May Judas-like betray my God for Gain;
At HELLUO's board, where ſmokes th' eternal Treat,
And all the fat on earth bow down, and eat,
A genuine Son of LEVI may adore
The golden Calf, as AARON did before.
Then welcome the full Levee, where reſort
Crouds of all ranks to pay their morning court,
The well-rob'd Dean with face ſo ſleek, and fair,
And tatter'd CODRUS pale, and wan with care,

Whoſe

Whoſe yearly-breeding Wife, in mean attire,
To feed her hungry brats muſt ſpin for hire.
Hail medley dome, where like the Ark we find
Clean, and unclean, of ev'ry ſort and kind!
Hail medley dome, where three whole hours together,
(Shiv'ring in cold, and faint in ſultry weather)
We brook, athirſt and hungry, all delay,
And wear in expectation life away!
But huſh! in comes my Lord—important, big,
Squints thro' his glaſs, and buſtling ſhakes his Wig,
Whoſe ſaucy curls, confin'd in triple tye,
With conſtant work his buſy hands ſupply.
He ſtops, bows, ſtares—and whiſpers out aloud
" What Spark is yon, that joſtles thro' the croud?"
Sir William's Heir — " enough—my dear, good friend,
" Sir William liv'd—I think—at Ponder's End;
" Yes--yes--Sir William liv'd"—Then on he goes,
And whiſpering this grand ſecret crams his Noſe
Into your Wig, and ſqueezing every hand,
" 'Tis mine to ſerve you Sir—Your's to command"—

Thus

Thus kindly breathing many a promiſe fair,
He feeds two Rows of gaping fools with Air;
Unmeaning gabbles ſet rotines of ſpeech,
As Papiſts pray, or Prelates us'd to preach,
Makes himſelf o'er in truſt, to keep his ground,
And FAIRLY GULLS HIS CREDITORS ALL ROUND.

With warm delight his words poor CODRUS hears,
Sweet as the fancy'd Muſic of the Spheres;
Then trudges jocund home thro' mire and clay,
While pleaſing thoughts beguile the long long way;
A ſnug warm living ſkims before his eyes,
His tythe pig gruntles, and his grey gooſe flies;
His lonely ſhatter'd cot, all patcht with mud,
And hem'd around by many a fragrant flood,
Chang'd to a neat, and modern houſe he ſees,
Built on high ground, and ſhelter'd well with trees;
Spacious in front the chequer'd lawns extend,
With uſeful ponds, and gardens at the end,
Where Art, and Nature kindly join to bring
The fruits of Autumn, and the flow'rs of Spring.

No more a ſun burnt Bob the Preacher wears,
Or coat of Serge, where ev'ry thread appears,
Behold him deckt in ſpruce and trim array,
With caſſock ſhort, and veſt of raven-grey,
In powder'd pomp the ſpacious Grizzle flows,
And the broad beaver trembles o'er his noſe.
Ah dear Deluſions tempt his thoughts no more,
Leave him untortur'd by deſire, tho' poor!
What can advance, in theſe degenerate days
When gold, or Int'reſt all preferment ſways,
A Wretch unbleſt by Fortune, and by Birth?
Alas not † TERRICK's Parts, or * TALBOT's Worth!
Elſe long, long ſince had honeſt BUTLER ſhone
High in the church Religion's ſpotleſs ſun;
Had beam'd around his friendly light to chear
The lonely, wayworn, wandring traveller;

† The Meaning of this is, that a Man *merely* by his Parts, or Merit, hath little if any chance of getting Preferment: tho' when other luckly Circumſtances intervene, theſe may not often *perhaps* prove very great Impediments.

* Brother to Lord T—— and called emphatically the good Dr. T——

Chac'd Errour's black, and baleful Shades away,
And pour'd thro' every mind reſiſtleſs day.
Alas the Change! far in a lowly vale,
'Midſt ſtraggling huts, where ſome few peaſants dwell,
He lives in Virtue rich, in Fortune poor,
And treads the path his Maſter trod before.
Oh great, good man, to chear without requeſt
The drooping heart, and ſooth the troubled breaſt;
With cords of love the wayward ſheep to hold,
And draw the loſt, and wandring to the fold;
To ſpend ſo little, yet have ſome to ſpare;
To feed the hungry, and to cloath the bare;
To viſit beds of ſickneſs in the night,
When rains deſcend, and rolling thunders fright,
There Death deprive of all his terrours foul,
And ſing ſoft requiems to the parting ſoul!
Bluſh, bluſh for ſhame!--Your heads, ye Paſtors, hide,
Ye pamper'd Sons of Luxury, and Pride,
Who leave to prowling wolves your helpleſs Care,
And truck preferments at the public fair;

In whoſe fat corps the ſoul ſupinely lies,
Snug at her eaſe, and wondrous loth to riſe!

F. Friend, friend you're warm—why this is downright ſpleen,
You flout the fat, becauſe yourſelf are lean:
Yet laugh to ſee behind the ſilver Mace
Black-brow'd CORNUTUS with his ſtarveling face,
A Wretch ſo worn with penury and pride,
His very bones ſtand ſtaring thro' his hide.
Why chuſe the church, if petulant and vain
You proudly ſhun the paths that lead to gain,
Yet rack'd with Envy, when your Brethren riſe,
Revile the prudent Arts that you deſpiſe?
Better ſome dirty, vile, mechanic trade,
Cobler, or Smith—a fortune might be made;
The croſs-leg'd wretch, who ſtitches up the gown,
Is of more Worth, than half the Clerks in town;
And laughs with purſe-proud inſolence to ſee
The needy Curate's full-ſleev'd Dignity.—

P. Why chuſe the church? A Father's prudent voice
Determin'd, friend, and dignify'd the choice:
To Thee, Religion, thro' the tranquil road,
Himſelf with honour and with virtue trod,
He led me on—and know, no ſlave to gain,
Undow'r'd I took thee, and undow'r'd retain.
What? Durſt the blind Philoſopher of yore
Chuſe thy half ſiſter Virtue vile, and poor,
Chuſe her begirt with all the ghaſtly train
Of ills, Contempt, and Ridicule, and Pain?
And ſhall not I, O dear celeſtial Dame,
Love Thee with all my ſoul's devouteſt flame?
Shall I not gaze, and doat upon thy charms,
And fly to catch the heav'n within thy arms?
O my fair Miſtreſs, lovelier to be ſeen
Than the chaſte lily, opening on the green;
Sweet as the bluſhing roſe in SHARON's vale,
And ſoft as IDUMEA's balmy gale!
Of Thee enamour'd martyr'd Heroes ſtood
Firm to their faith, and conſtant ev'n to blood;

No

No views of fame, no fears of ſad diſgrace,
Had pow'r to tear them from thy lov'd embrace,
Wrapt up in Thee, tho' Harlots ſtalkt abroad,
And Perſecution ſhook her iron rod!
Peace to their ſouls!—But tell me, gentle maid,
Oh tell me are thy beauties all decay'd?
Hath Time's foul canker ev'ry grace devour'd?
Thy virgin charms hath Ignorance deflow'r'd?
That thus thou wander'ſt helpleſs and forlorn,
Of Knaves the hatred, and of Fools the ſcorn!

F. Still Knave, and Fool?---For God's ſake, Sir, refrain!
This petulance of Pride will prove your bane.
What you're averſe to daſh thro' thick and thin?
Try cleaner ways---'tis done, if you begin.
Go with ſoft flattery, ſtudious to oblige,
Some dull, and ſelf-admiring Lord beſiege,
And like the Dove, to MECCA's Prophet dear,
Pick a good living from your Patron's ear:
GULLION ſucceeded thus, and ſo may you---
But railing, railing!---Friend, it ne'er can do.

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I a plain blunt man,
Who cannot fawn, and loath the wretch, who can,
Should brook, a trencher-chaplain at the board,
The loud horſe-laugh, and raillery of my Lord;
Slave to his jokes, his paſſion, and his pride,
A dull tame fool for † Lacquies to deride,
Who ſnort around to hear the wretch abuſe
My perſon, morals, family, and muſe!
Shall I ſuch baſe Egyptian bondage bear,
And eat my heart thro' ſorrow, grief, and care?
For twice ſev'n tedious years wait, watch, ride, run,
Nor dare to live, or ſpeak, or think my own?
Obſerve with awe that fickle vane his mind,
That ſhifts, and changes with the changeful wind?
Read ev'ry look, each twinkling of his eye,
And thence divine the doubtful Augury?
No PHARAOH no!—* Here in this calm retreat,
Where ev'ry Muſe, and Virtue fix their ſeat,
Here let me ſhun each Lordling proud and vain,
And ſcorn the world ere ſcorn'd by it again!

† *Maxima quæque Domus Servis eſt plena ſuperbis.* JUV.

* Trinity College in Cambridge.

Ye happier Few, that in this ſtately dome,
Where ſtill the ſoul of NEWTON deigns to roam,
Inſpires each youthful candidate for fame,
His noonday viſion, and his midnight dream;
Ye happier Few, by regal bounty fed,
Here eat in privacy and peace your bread;
Nor tempt the World, that monſter-bearing deep,
Where huſht in grim repoſe the Tempeſts ſleep,
Where Rocks, and Sands, dread Miniſters of fate,
To whelm the pilot's hopes in ambuſh wait.
On a huge hill, that braves the neighbouring ſky,
Waſht by the ſable gulph of Infamy,
Preferment's Temple ſtands; the baſe how wide,
How ſteep the top, how cragged ev'ry ſide!
Compact of Ice the dazzling mountain glows,
Like rocks of cryſtal, or Lapponian ſnows,
While all around the ſtorm-clad Whirlwind rides,
Dread thunder breaks, and livid lightning glides.
Hither by hope enliven'd crouds repair,
Thick as the noontide ſwarms that float in air;

Dean

* Dean joſtles Dean, each Suffragan his brother,
And Half the jealous mob keeps down the other.
Ah little knows the Wretch, that hath not try'd,
What hell it is this ſhouldring throng to bide,
Where gariſh Art, and Falſehood win the day,
And † ſimple ſingle Truth is ſpurn'd away:
Where round, and round, with painful ſteps and ſlow,
Whoe'er would ſcale the ſudden height muſt go;
Catch ev'ry twig, each brake and op'ning trace,
Pull down his friend, nay father from his place,
And raiſe himſelf by others foul diſgrace.
Yet ſome there are, gay Folly's flutt'ring train,
That free from care and toil the ſummit gain,
Sublimely ſoar on fortune's partial wind,
And leave the ſons of Science far behind.
Thus ſtraws and feathers eaſily can fly,
And the light ſcale is ſure to mount on high;

* A Parody on theſe lines of POPE.
" Grove nods at Grove, each Alley hath its brother,
" And half the platform juſt reflects the other."

† *Simplex duntaxat, et unum* ——

Thin

Thin air-blown bubbles with each breath are born,
And wind will raiſe the Chaff, that leaves the corn.
Others again with crouds contentious ſtrive,
And thro' mere dint of oppoſition thrive;
Stiff in opinion, active, reſtleſs wights,
They riſe againſt the wind like paper kites:
'Twas thus proud RAMUS to the mitre flew,
Oppoſing, and oppos'd——

F. And thus muſt you——
If oppoſition, faction, broils prevail,
Take courage, friend, for ſure you ne'er can fail.
Miſguided Youth, is Satyre thus your turn?
Haſte while the baleful flames of party burn,
In Hiſt'ry read go join the grand Diſpute,
And give one Hireling more to PITT, or BUTE.
Oh would you paint his Lordſhip's Jerkin o'er
With Imps, and Fiends (like baſe Inquiſitor)
Then boldly hang him out to public view,
The Scorn and Laughter of the gaping crew,

How

How G**A's Sons would ——

P. What?

F. Exult for Joy,
And lift your grateful praiſes to the Sky.

P. Her Sons exult? Your Men of parts and ſkill
Change, like their dreſs, their principles at will,
Where Mammon calls with haſte obſequious run,
And bow like Perſians to the riſing Sun.
Too long alas o'er Britain's bleeding Land
Hath fell Corruption wav'd her iron hand,
Too long poſſeſt a Monarch's patient ear,
While all the Sons of Freedom ſhrunk with fear.
Is there then one, whoſe breaſt Religion warms,
And Virtue decks with all her brighteſt charms;
Whoſe fiery Glance the loathſome den pervades,
Where Vice, and foul Corruption ſculk in ſhades;
True to his King, and to the Public juſt,
No dupe to Paſſion, and no ſlave to Luſt;
Whom all the Good revere, the Vile abuſe,
A friend to Learning, and the gentle Muſe;

Scotch-

Scotchman, or Teague—be this his patriot view,
I'll praiſe him, love him, friend, and ſo ſhould you.
* Curſt be the lines (tho' ev'ry THESPIAN Maid
Come uninvoked, and lend her timely aid,
View them, † like THETIS, with a mother's eye,
And dip them o'er in dews of CASTALY)
Curſt be the lines, that pow'rful Vice adorn,
Or treat fair Virtue, and her friends with ſcorn:
Let 'em cloath candles, wrap up cheeſe, line trunks;
Or flutt'ring on a rail, 'midſt rogues and punks,
Ne'er meet the mild judicious Critic's praiſe,
But die, like thoſe that FANNY ſings or ſays:
FANNY dull wight, to whom the Ghoſt appears
Of murder'd HORACE, pale and wan with tears;
FANNY dull wight, a Mammon-ſerving ſlave,
Half politician, atheiſt, parſon, knave,
That drunk each night, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Dyes his red face in Port, and his black ſoul in Ink.
No ſly fanatic, no enthuſiaſt wild,
No party tool, beguiling and beguil'd,

* Curſt be the Lines, how well ſoe'er they flow,
That tend to make one worthy Man my foe. POPE.

† Alluding to the ſtory of THETIS dipping ACHILLES in LETHE, to make him immortal.

No ſlave to pride, no canting pimp to pow'r,
Nor rigid † churchman, nor diſſenter ſour,
No fawning flatterer to the baſe and vain,
No Timiſt vile, or Worſhipper of gain;
When gay not diſſolute, grave not ſevere,
Tho' learn'd no pedant, civil tho' ſincere;
* Nor mean nor haughty, be one Preacher's praiſe
That—if he riſe, he riſe by manly ways:
Yes he abhors each ſordid ſelfiſh view,
And dreads the paths your men of Art purſue;
Who truſt ſome wand'ring meteor's dubious ray,
And fly like Owls from truth's meridian day.

F. Alas, Alas! I plainly, Friend, foreſee
In points like theſe we never ſhall agree.
Too ſure debar'd from all the joys of life,
From Heav'n's beſt gifts, a Living, and a Wife,
Chain'd to a College you muſt waſte your days,
(Wrapt up in monkiſh Indolence, and Eaſe,)

† A wiſe man would wiſh to be thought a moderate churchman, or a mild diſſenter—There is very little (what a pity it is there ſhould be any) difference betwixt them.

* Theſe two lines imitated from Mr. Pope.

In

In one dull round of ſleeping, eating, drinking,
A foe to care, but more a foe to thinking.
There when ten Luſtrums are ſupinely ſpent
In ENVIOUS SLOTH, AND MOPISH DISCONTENT;
When not one friend, one comfort more remains;
But ſlowly creeps the cold blood thro' your veins,
And palſy'd hands, and tott'ring knees betray
An helpleſs ſtate of nature in decay;
While froward Youth derides your ſqualid age,
And longs to ſhove you trembling off the Stage;
Then then you'll blame your conduct—but too late,
And curſe your Enemies, and Friends, and Fate.

P. Better be worn with age, with ills oppreſt,
Diſtreſt in fame, in fortune too diſtreſt;
Better unknown, and unlamented die,
With no kind friend to cloſe the parting eye,
(So all is calm, and undiſturb'd within)
Than feel, and fear the biting pangs of Sin.
For oh what odds, the Curtain once withdrawn,
Betwixt a Saint in Rags, and rev'rend Knave in Lawn?

THE END.

Speedily will be published,

EVERY MAN the Architect of his own Fortune: Or,
The ART OF RISING in the STATE.

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PURITY of HEART, ditto - - 1761.
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THE END.